

***Things I Did Not Need***

I did not.

I did not need to be brought into the bedrooms and perversions of the American, so called, elite.

I did not need the pictures of the rich and powerful over prone girls with blacked out faces.

I did not need the migraine.

I did not need my kid saying, “what are the Epstein Files?” after a long day at work and school.

I did not need the schedule SNAFU or the snow in my shoes.

I did not need my child to run into an ad for a game called “Five Nights at Epstein’s” while playing a totally age-appropriate racing game.

I did not need the compulsive anger that followed or the depressing realization that the bad actions of the powerful could permeate the innocent good so quickly and profusely.

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I did need the library.

I did need the conversations and the projects and the research questions.

I did need to tear apart the pantry and make granola and run.

I did need the tea and candles and community.

I did need stories. To tell and to share.

I did need to build a small sanctuary, a place of comfort and creativity, of blankets and slippers and books.

I did need to stare into the eyes and faces of people I love and trust - and *see* something good.

I did.